

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

OUR HALL.

In the delightful valley of Mernon, where the seasons glide in sweet succession, scattering their varied profusion, resided two dervises, who seemed to have selected this retreat as the asylum of meditation and repose. The names of these philosophers, who inhabited different recesses, were Vishni and Salem: Vishni appeared mild and humane, sighing at the faults of his fellow-creatures, and lamenting the depravity of man. He taught that Alla had created the human race for the best of purposes, and that it was reversing infinite benevolence to suppose that the crimes of a finite being should receive eternal punishment. Salem, on the other hand, was of a more austere disposition, and almost detested the species for its crimes, its outrages, and its tyranny. He taught that few would enter the gardens of Paradise, nine-tenths of mankind being doomed to eternal torment. Such were the sentiments these men daily inculcated in all who attended for instruction, and such were the tenets they instilled into the minds of two youths, whom the piety of their parents had placed beneath their care.

Sered was the pupil of Vishni, but unworthy of so benevolent a preceptor. He was careless beneath his instructions, because the rod of punishment was never suspended over his head; and the praise of the worthy had not as yet taught his heart to sigh with emulation. He imbibed naturally from his instructor all the maxims which the wise have produced, and he knew perfectly well the value of learning and morality; yet was he frequently led into faults, because he had no expectation of punishment, and the temptation of the present always overcame the hopes of the future.

Tekah was of a violent, capricious disposition. The indulgence of his parents had led him to suppose that all must bow to his will, or stoop to his desires. His pride in-

stantly received a check beneath the hand of Salem, and punishment followed a crime, as certain as the rolling thunder succeeds the illuminating flash. His natural disposition was corrected by his terror of consequences, and his imagination was restrained by the fear of that punishment a future life suspends over the secret criminal.

Such were the sentiments of Sered and Tekah, when the views of their parents called them to Ispahan. They were now placed beneath the care of respectable merchants, who taught them the art of exchange, and the science of speculation. Tekah was frequently tempted to deviate from the line of honour, in pursuit of those emoluments a clandestine transaction held out; but the fear of detection, or the terror of a future retribution, stayed his hand. Character with him was a sacred garment, and he sought to preserve it as unspotted as the priestly robes in the temple of Mithra.

Sered, on the contrary, when an evasion of the laws led to profit in security, scrupled not to grasp at gain. He listened not to the cry of humanity, rather seeking, by raising the price of grain, in which he dealt, to extort the last coin from the poor. He lent money to the distressed at extravagant interest, and formed connexions with wandering Arabs, whose plunder he secretly vended. Yet, in the eyes of men, he appeared the pattern of mercantile integrity. The applauses of men were, however, insufficient to restrain Sered from clandestine malevolence, and the slight restraint they imposed, became every day less; the influence of avarice and pleasure repressing the voice of honour and virtue. Such were the characters of the two friends, who, being liberated from the authority of their parents, resided in superb buildings adjoining each other.

One evening, in the cool of the day, Sered wandered along the banks of the golden Zanderat, to enjoy the western breezes, which perfumed the air with the fragrance of roses and jessamine; while the curling water glided by to join in the embraces of the Tigris. He was revolving in his mind new plans of profit, and new schemes of extortion, when a gentle voice, from a grove of dates

and pomegranates, arrested his feet. He paused; then advancing to listen, entered the grove, and found himself before a little cane dwelling, surrounded with a garden of flowers. On a bank of violets and lilies sat the beauteous Nour Hali, lulling her infant sister to sleep. Not expecting strangers, her veil was thrown aside, and her exquisite features were suffused with a blushing confusion, giving increased animation to her large black eyes, which, for a moment, glanced upon Sered, then eagerly sought the veil, beneath which modesty conceals itself. Sered was confounded and astonished at the charms of the blushing maid. His harem contained some of the finest women of the east, but all their charms united could scarcely equal those alone possessed by Nour Hali. What a prize, thought he; she will be the pearl of my haram, and the gem of my delight. He instantly addressed her in the language of affection, intermingled with the blandishments of wealth and the allurements of pleasure; but the heart of the virgin was inattentive to his representations, and cold to his caresses.

The pride of Sered was hurt: could he be refused by a peasant's daughter, a slave, one whom he could sell to the merchants? He arose haughtily and returned, deeply musing, towards Ispahan. On the way he reflected that some prior passion must have possession of her bosom, or it was impossible she could withstand riches, pleasures, and a person handsome as himself; but, then, who, except a peasant, could be the object; and, should so unworthy a competitor snatch from the arms of Sered a gem of such inestimable value? "No!" cried he, "those dreamers who believe in future punishment, might be deterred from violence, in gratifying their will; but my dear Vishni has taken from me such foolish prejudices. If I do not enter the gardens of Paradise, I shall lose all existence; and what then! I will enjoy pleasure while pleasure is within my grasp."

The following evening, when the sun was departed to the great desert, Sered again took his way along the banks of the Zanderrat, musing on the charms of Nour Hali, and meditating designs of possession. No wind agitated the foliage, as he silently entered the grove, cautiously advancing, like the insidious serpent through the sheltering herbage. Before the door he paused to listen; the silver voice of Nour Hali was tuned with peculiar harmony, not in singing pastoral ditties, but in discourse with a voice rougher and more sonorous. "Ah," cried Sered, to himself, the blood rushing to his face, "now I shall see what dog is preferred to Sered." He immediately entered, and the timid maid trembling at his baleful sight, cast herself into the arms of her lover for

protection. "Quit this place!" cried the young man, in an agitated voice, "let not my lord stoop to destroy the tranquillity of his servants."

Sered was nearly choked with passion at this familiar remonstrance from one of his own slaves. He paused a moment; then, with eyes glowing as the red vapour of the sandy waste, he cried out, "Nolah, is it you who interferes with the pleasures of your master? take that refractory slave to my haram." "She is a free woman," replied Nolah, "I dare not offer violence to one of her situation and sex." "Miscreant!" cried Sered, stamping and grasping his dagger; "who art thou that despiseth my will? stand aside, and let me conduct this reptile." So saying, he grasped the maiden by the arm, and was dragging her from the hovel, when her lover, unable longer to contain, endeavoured, with a gentle violence, to rescue her. The passion of Sered having blinded his caution, he plunged his dagger in the breast of his slave, who fell prone at the feet of his mistress. Sered was for a moment confounded, and having quitted the grasp of Nour Hali, she fled, with distracted steps, from the cottage. "Shall I lose her thus!" cried he, hastening after her; "what signifies the death of a slave, who dared to impede my will?" The flying maiden hastened with feet that defied the wind; and perceiving two persons at a distance, she fled forward, sinking exhausted at their feet. Sered now halted in pursuit; his garments were tinged with the blood of a slave, and self-preservation turned his steps to his palace.

The persons to whose succour Nour Hali was accidentally obliged, were Tekah and a merchant, whom the beauty of the evening had tempted to wander beyond the precincts of the city. Tekah was instantly struck with the graces of the suppliant, and raising her, with a smile, assured her of protection, and prevailed upon her to take a temporary refuge in his palace. Having dismissed his friend, Tekah flew to the chamber, where he found the weeping fair. He sought to sooth the grief which swelled her bosom by the kindest expressions; proposing to send to her residence for intelligence, requiring, in the interval, her participation in a trifling repast he had ordered of the most delicious viands. Her beauty every moment impressed itself deeper into his heart. He had hitherto avoided the female sex, lest his attention should be inclined from the accumulation of wealth; but all his resolves now melted away like the dripping honey from the comb. He hoped, from the account of Nour Hali, that her lover was slain, and he trembled for the return of his messenger with as much anxiety as herself. He came, but his information was obscure; the hut was

without inhabitants, and the blood upon the ground remained.

Nour Hali was inconsolable; she flattered herself that her lover was yet alive, and dreaded the increasing warmth of Tekah, whose expressions exceeded the limits of friendship. For several days she remained imprisoned in the apartments of the women: she was visited alone by Tekah, and his offers were now urged with all the fervour of love, and the softness of a first and genuine passion. But confessions, sentiments, and all the luxuries his situation allowed him to supply, made no impression on a heart already attached, and Tekah saw his offers despised, and his love rejected. Education alone had fixed a curb upon his rugged passions. He trembled at crime, not from its moral turpitude, but the dread of retribution. Here, however, was a female, placed by a single event, totally within his power; she had rejected his offers of lawful union, and the fever of his mind was not to be allayed with disdain. Lenient measures but increased her opposition, and force he resolved to substitute. He brooded for several days over this expedient, recoiling from the moment of execution, as he trembled lest the senses of the maid should be impaired by the shock of suspended terror. These considerations changed the medium of his purpose, and substituting a drug, he proposed, when her mind should be absorbed in inanity, to reduce her to his will.

Several days Sered sought in vain for Nour Hali, examining the slave markets, and prying into every abode; nor was her total seclusion less unaccountable than the disappearance of Nolah, whose body had been conveyed away by some secret agent. Unable to forget the beauty of her person, he spent hours on his terrace, which he traversed with painful agitation. Its situation overlooked the gardens of Tekah, and he beheld, in the cool of the evening, a female figure whose air and mien reminded him of his loss. Transfixed to the spot, his eyes alone wandered after her, and his doubts gave place to certainty when her angelic features were discovered beneath her veil, which the wind agitated at pleasure. "The wretch!" cried Sered, "he confines in his haram the woman on whom my soul delights. He shall return her to my arms, or I will hurl ruin upon his head." He sent instantly to Tekah, requiring his presence on concerns of importance; but all his arguments could not prevail on him to dismiss Nour Hali, and it was with difficulty Sered restrained himself from violence on the spot.

Tekah left the raving Sered, to determine some plan of vengeance himself. More than ever resolved on securing the reluctant maid before accident should have power

to tear her from his possession, he prepared a sumptuous collation, mingling with her sherbet the drug he had procured, and whose effects soon began to shade in torpor the sense of Nour Hali. A slave, the only female servant in his house, conducted her to her chamber, while Tekah hastened to take possession of his ill-obtained prize. The first prayer of midnight was passed, when he advanced to the chamber of the slumbering virgin; her cheeks were tinged with the vermillion of the rose, and innocence sported on her features. Tekah paused a moment in silent and trembling awe. His scruples and his fears rushed again upon his soul: "What a wretch am I?" muttered he, "shall I destroy all the hopes and tranquillity of a bosom so serene? Shall I become a monster, and be blasted by the frown of omnipotence? The gardens of Paradise I could forego; for Paradise possesses no sweet more perfect than this! But shall I hazard eternal and inevitable destruction; shall I wake upon me the vengeance of inscrutable and unerring Alla? No, no; it must not be: triumph, Nour Hali, thy virtue has conquered!"

At this moment a loud shout burst on his ears. He retired from the chamber in disorder, when rising flames gleamed on his sight, and crackling fire thundered around him. A slave whom he knew not rushed towards him: "Save yourself," he cried, "your palace is in flames; follow me." "First," cried Tekah, "duty demands me elsewhere: in yon chamber you will find a valuable casket; preserve it. I depend on your honour." The slave seized the casket, and hastening towards the garden, met Sered in his way, who was already searching the house in pursuit of Nour Hali, hoping to convey her away in the tumult had caused, by firing the palace of Tekah. The slave, who was no other than Nolah, (whom fate had conducted to the spot the moment the flames burst forth) no sooner perceived his former master in a situation where revenge could be received unwitnessed, than he plunged his dagger into his bosom, and hurled him down the steps, escaping into the garden.

Tekah with difficulty rescued the sleeping maid from the flames: but having conveyed her to a place of safety, he returned to overlook the ruin. The devouring element, agitated by a boisterous wind, had changed its direction, and the palace of Sered meeting its rage, was, in a few moments, levelled to the dust. Its iniquitous master was saved with difficulty from the tumbling roof, and being insensible from his wound and bruises, was conveyed to the house of a neighbour, where, in his delirium, he accused himself of so many crimes, together with the present outrage, that it became necessary to inform

the Cadi, who issued a writing of detention, till the affair should be more minutely examined. The palace of Tekah had suffered only in the women's apartments; but the slave who had taken the jewels was nowhere to be found, and a reward was proclaimed for his recovery; to which his indiscretion, in offering the gems for sale, soon after led.

Sered appealed from the power of the Cadi to a higher tribunal; and the sultan resolved in person to witness the trial of a man who had accused himself in the raving of delirium. The hall was extremely crowded; but Sered (though labouring under personal derangement,) had recovered his reason; and there being no positive accusation, the sentence of acquittal was pronounced, when the dervises Vishni and Salem, entered the hall. Unmindful of the royal presence, they advanced through the crowd, and placing themselves at the foot of the throne, Salem bowed thrice, and began:

" Sovereign of kings, deign to receive instruction from the incidents before you; and ye people attend the moral of this transaction, and be wise! Sered is guilty! because reason, without a dread of punishment, is unable to restrain the violence of human passions; his own vices have brought on him his present sufferings; already is the work of retribution begun. Tekah is innocent, not from inclination, but the force of education, which induced him to tremble at the consequence of crime. The first virtuous action in his life, arising from purity of intention, was preferring the safety of Nour Hali to his own and to the casket of jewels; and this action will be rewarded by the love of that amiable maid; gratitude already fills her heart. Her lover, the weak-minded Nolah, was rescued from death by my care. It was I who sent him to warn Tekah of his danger; but the temptation was too strong; he fancied to escape detection, but while he grasped the gems, he forfeited life and Nour Hali, who from the moment she learns his perfidy, will despise and detest him."

The sultan was so astonished at the incident, that he caused it to be engraved on plates of brass, which hang in the temple of Ispahan to this day.

FEODOR AND ALEXOWINA.

IN a lowly cottage, on the banks of Irtisch, dwelt the venerable Schuvaloff, who mourned the loss of the aged partner of his days; of his son, who had been torn from him in the prime of youth, by the tyrannic hand of power; and the humble habitation in which he had treasured his little store of comforts against declining age, which had been pillaged and burnt to the ground in an incursion

of the Tartars. Yet one blessing still remained; and for her sake alone he looked to the future with apprehension: this was the youthful Alexowina, the daughter of his eldest son, the commands of whose lord had forced him from the arms of his wife; and grief for his loss soon deprived the hopeless infant of a mother.

She had attained her fifteenth year; wild as the deer of her native regions, and as pure as it snows, when their lord, Count Ostrovitz, for some offence against the state, was banished into Siberia, but received permission to take his peasants with him. Despair at this event seized on Schuvaloff. Amidst all his misfortunes, the hope of yielding his breath on the estate endeared to him by youthful remembrances had been his solace; and the conflict of contending passions brought on a fever. Alexowina was now the gentle nurse, as she had been the sportive companion of the good old man; but, seated in his mind, his disorder yielded not to her cares, and she determined on presenting herself to the new lord, and entreat him to purchase them of Ostrovitz. She hailed the thought with rapture, and hastening to the castle of count Vladimir, rushed into his presence, and knelt before him. Her auburn hair floated in native ringlets over her shoulders, and shaded a face which beamed with intelligence and animation; and in artless, but impressive, accents, she told her simple tale of sorrow. Feodor, his adopted son, who was present, with all the enthusiasm which suffering causes, joined in her request! The count smiling at his fervour, praised the filial piety of Alexowina, and permitted him to assure Schuvaloff of his protection. Her heart was too full for utterance; she kissed the hand of her benefactor, and eagerly returned to the cottage, followed by Feodor, whose feelings were again increased by the gratitude of Schuvaloff, while Alexowina, by turns, wept and danced around him. The health of her grandfather now speedily returned, and with it her accustomed gaiety. Feodor was her constant companion: the artless simplicity of her manners, and her affectionate expressions of gratitude to him, had won his heart. During the short Russian summer, they rambled together on the shelving banks of the rapid Irtisch; and in the season of snows, he guided her across the frozen deserts in his sledge till evening came; when seated around the stove, he delighted to pour the tale of instruction into her ear.

Thus rapidly and delightfully passed the hours, till Count Vladimir declared to Feodor his intentions that he should travel; but in vain did he look for his usual grateful acquiescence to his will: convulsive sobs burst from his bosom; he fell at his feet,

owned his passion for Alexowina; and while he dared not hope he would approve, conjured him not to send him away. That the child of his friend, the son of his adoption, should avow his affection for a peasant girl, surprised and enraged the count; but he knew that love never listened to the dictates of reason; he therefore resolved to temporise: and, telling Feodor he would consider farther what he had been saying, determined to remove to a distance the cause of his fears. What were then the feelings of Schuvaloff, when he again saw his cottage entered by force, and himself and Alexowina carried away prisoners.

The soul of Vladimir spurned the idea of wanton cruelty; and though what he deemed necessary urged him to the banishment of Schuvaloff, he resolved to soften the blow by explaining to him the cause; and for this purpose he entered the apartment in which they were confined.

The good old man was sunk into a peaceful slumber, while Alexowina was watching by his couch with anxious attention. When the count entered, she shrieked, and started from her seat; the noise awoke him. The count advanced to the couch; but what was her surprise, when, after gazing a few moments, he rushed forwards, and—"Oh! my father!" burst from his lips.

It was indeed the eldest son of Schuvaloff, the father of Alexowina; who, by his valour, and the favour of his sovereign, had attained the rank he now held. But, not unmindful of his parents, he had, at his first advancement, sent a friend to inquire for them, from whom he learned that they had been made captives, when their cottage had been destroyed; that affection for the scenes of his youth had caused him to purchase that estate, and on the spot of his birth he had built a house, whither he meant to retire on the marriage of Feodor. Need I add, that, delighted to find in Alexowina a daughter worthy of the mother whom he had never ceased to mourn, he joyfully consented to her union with the noble-minded Feodor, who was rejoiced to find in the choice of his heart the daughter of his benefactor; and happiness crowned an union formed on the basis of virtue.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.

SHAKSPEARE

An old German knight, in the first half of the seventeenth century, when enormous goblets were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the nobility, sat once

at table next his young wife, in a numerous company, where the bottle went continually round, and a large goblet was to be emptied each time, on pain of being countenanced as a false brother by the guests, who were strict on this point. The wife, who had received a more polished education, whispered to her husband, when it came again to empty an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table: "The others will see it," said he. His wife, therefore, just as he was raising his glass to his mouth, snuffed out the candle, and repeated her request. Instead of complying, he said with a kind of sublimity, "God sees it," and emptied his goblet.

DOMINICO GRECO AND HIS YOUNG PUPIL.

In an account of Dominico Greco, we meet with a curious anecdote. The monks of La Sisla, in the neighbourhood of Toledo, had applied to him for a picture of the Last Supper, to be painted for their Refectory. Dominico being obliged to decline the commission on account of indisposition, recommended his young pupil, Luis Tristan, to the undertaking. The monks accepted his services, and upon delivery of the picture, were, with reason, satisfied with the performance. Nothing remained to be adjusted but the price, and the demand of the artist, being for 200 ducats, was deemed exorbitant. The fathers referred themselves to Dominico, who being then in a fit of the gout, was put into a coach and conveyed to the convent. As soon as he arrived there, and had deliberately surveyed the piece, he turned suddenly to his disciple, and with a menacing tone and air, lifting up his crutch, exclaimed against Tristan, for disgracing his art, and all who professed it, by demanding 200 ducats for the picture in question. The triumph of the fathers upon this testimony of their umpire, so decidedly, as it seemed, in their favour, was however soon reversed, when Dominico directed his disciple to roll up the picture and take it away with him to Toledo, for that he should not leave it there for five hundred ducats; then launching out into rapturous encomiums on the performance, he began to put his decision into execution. Vexation and surprise now took possession of the convicted monks—their murmurings and complaints were changed to intercessions, and after sufficient atonement on their part, the money was paid, and the picture surrendered to the Refectory and oblivion.

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MOLUCCAS, OR SPICE ISLANDS.

THESE islands are called Moluccas, from the word Moluc, signifying head, and referring to their situation at the head entrance of the Archipelago of St. Lazarus. They are denominated Spice Islands, from their abounding in spices, particularly nutmegs and cloves. They lie between 5 deg. north, and 7 deg. south lat. and from 121 deg. to 130 deg. east long.

Ternate is deemed the principal of the Moluccas, both by the Dutch and natives, as the Dutch made it the seat of their government, and the chief sultan of these islands the place of his residence. This island produces cloves in great abundance, admirable almonds, delicious fruits, a few goats and some poultry, but not rice, or any other grain; for the excessive heat which is requisite to ripen spices, and meliorate fruit, parches the earth so, as to render it incapable of bearing wheat, barley, or rice.

The natives have a substitute for bread, which makes the most wholesome and exquisite cakes in the universe; that is, the pith of the tree called sago, whose salubrious qualities are well known in Europe: it affords them likewise drink, clothing, and shelter; for, by incision, a liquor is drawn from it that exceeds most wines; the leaves being a kind of cotton, the smaller are converted into garments, and the larger used to thatch houses.

Three trees are sufficient to maintain a man for a year; and an acre, properly planted, will afford subsistence for no less than a hundred during that period. The houses in general are built of cane, some few of the better sort have wooden houses. With respect to their furniture, a mat serves them instead of a bed, chair and table; for they lie on it, eat and drink on it, and sit on it. This, and a pot to dress their victuals, a hatchet to cut their wood, and a calabash to hold their water, make the whole catalogue of their household utensils: their windows are not glazed, nor are their doors secured by locks. They wear silk, or calico, and all persons make their own garments, the king and grandes excepted. The king resides at Malaya, a little town fortified with a mud wall; but the suburbs, in which the Dutch factory have a fine garden, are pretty large, and well inhabited by blacks. The palace is but a trivial building, but the gardens belonging to it are very pleasant, and contain an aviary, filled with a great variety of beautiful birds.

The waters in this island are remarkably

clear, and the fish very delicious. The chief quadrupeds are goats, deer, and hogs. Ternate also produces parrots, which are handsomer, and speak more distinctly than those of the West Indies; but the most remarkable of the feathered race in this island is the bird of Paradise, which is justly deemed the most beautiful bird in the universe. The head is like that of a swallow, but the bill considerably longer; the body is small, but the plumage displays such admirable colours, as are inconceivably pleasing to see. These romantic and beautiful birds strictly belong to Papua, or New Guinea; but their flight extends over most of the Spice Islands, where they frequently appear, and, as the natives believe, float in the aromatic air. Here is also the kingfisher, clothed in scarlet and mazareen blue, and called by the natives the goddess. The Boa serpent is sometimes found here, of the length of thirty feet, and by its power of suction and constriction, is known to devour small deer.

The sultan of Ternate has great power, which extends to a part of Papua, whence he receives a tribute of gold, amber, and birds of Paradise. Captain Forest, in the account of his voyage from Balambangan to New Guinea and the Moluccas, states the number of the militia furnished by the respective territories of the sultan of Ternate, as amounting to ninety thousand seven hundred: nor was the naval force inconsiderable; and the inhabitants of Ternate and Tidore have not shunned maritime conflicts with the Europeans. The largest of the proas, or small ships, are about the burthen of ten tons; on each side are singular frames, like wings, on which the rowers are placed, yet these vessels move with surprising velocity through a smooth sea.

There is a volcano in this island, which casts out a sulphureous fire three months in the year, and sometimes does great mischief.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

Paris Theatres—April 1824.

GYMNAZE DRAMATIQUE.—An interesting tale, written by the Duchess de D——, has already furnished two, and is about to furnish most of the Theatres of Paris with the subject of a sentimental drama, called *Ourika*. The main incidents are as follows:—A West India merchant having adopted a young negro girl, named *Ourika*, brought her with him to Marseilles, made her the companion of his daughter, and gave her the same education. On his death, his daughter and his nephew Belfort evinced

the same tenderness and friendship for her. Poor Ourika mistook this conduct on the part of Belfort for the result of a warmer passion, and is on the point of offering him with her hand an immense fortune which has been left her, when she discovers her mistake in having mistaken friendship for love, and finds that Belfort is attached to his cousin, with whom his marriage is only delayed by some severe losses he has recently experienced in commerce. Ourika generously resolves, as she cannot be happy herself, at least to render others happy : she departs for the West Indies, leaving behind a letter in which she discloses the love she felt for Belfort, to whom she makes over her fortune, at the same time declaring that she is gone never to return. This simple story, though well told in the novel, did not tell well at the Gymnase. It was received coldly, though not unfavourably. It produced neither tears nor laughter, which is rather a symptom of short life in dramatic existence.

THEATRE DE LA GAITÉ.—The horror-loving frequenters of this mis-named Theatre, have been furnished with a full measure of direful delight by the representation of a new Melodrame, called *La Place du Palais*, by the Schiller of the Boulevards, M. de Pixerecourt. The piece is brimful of robbery, seduction, madness, suicide, and all manner of unutterable distress. There is not a moment's respite given to the sympathies of the spectators, who are kept, much to their contentment, in a continued state of fearful shuddering excitation, from the rising to the dropping of the curtain. The success was, of course, great and unanimous, and the audience seemed to feel a satisfaction only second to that which is experienced at the doleful tragedies exhibited in front of the Old Bailey, or at the *place de Greve*. This delectable popular treat is composed of the following highly seasoned dishes:—Jacques Murville, after an absence of several years, returns to Paris, and, finding that his father is no more, he proceeds to the Flower Market to purchase a wreath of *immortels* to hang on his tomb. In passing by the *Palais de Justice*, he sees six criminals exposed in the pillory, in one of whom he recognises his brother Edward. At this moment a young woman, who had been seduced by Edward, flies towards the Quay, with dishevelled hair and despairing cries, and throws herself into the river, out of which, however, she is taken with only the loss of her senses. The confusion created by this incident gives the *figurantes* of the pillory, or, as they are more accurately and wittily termed in Ireland, the "Children in the Wood," an opportunity of escaping, and one of them (brother Edward, of course,) throws himself at the feet of Jacques Murville, who is bargaining with a flower-girl

for the said wreath of *immortels*, and entreats him to assist his escape. This is effected by putting him into the barrel on which the fair vender of flowers was seated.—In the second and third acts the scene is laid in the village of Fontenai, in the house of a friend of Jacques Murville, where the young woman seduced by Edward has found an asylum. Edward, who had promised his brother to reform, is met by his former companions of the pillory, who force him to join them in robbing the house in which his brother, the woman he had seduced, and his child are. The details of the burglary are acted with technical accuracy, and the audience edified by a copious use of the vile slang of house-breakers and midnight murderers. On getting into the house, Edward succeeds in saving from the murderous hands of his companions, his child and its mother, but is afterwards shot by one of his comrades. Timely aid, as in all cases, arrives; the robbers are secured and the curtain drops.

ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.—First representation of *Ipsiboe*, Opera in four acts. The subject of this Opera is taken from the last romance of the renowned and romantic Viscount d'Arlingcourt. The plot is as follows:—Ferdinand, the legitimate King of Provence, had been dethroned by the usurper Raymond, whose daughter, Zenaire, fills the throne at the opening of the piece. Alamede, the son of the dethroned King Ferdinand, has been brought up by Ipsiboë, his mother, in total ignorance of his Royal descent and claims. Ipsiboë passes for a sorceress in the country, and is deep in the contrivance of plots for the righting of her son Aladéde. This young man, who is going about the country as a troubadour, with "his wild harp slung behind him," saves from imminent danger the person of Zenaire; but the how, or the when, is not very clearly explained. A mutual passion is the inevitable consequence. However; as the "course of true love never yet ran smooth," Ipsiboë's plots against the throne of Zenaire being ripe for execution, she informs Alamede of his Royal birth, has him knighted, and urges him to join in the attack on the Palace of the usurper's daughter. At this attack he is present, but it is for the purpose of rescuing Zenaire; and on being exhorted by his mother to ascend the throne, he generously exclaims—"No throne without Zenaire." This proper conduct meets its reward, and Zenaire has soon an opportunity of returning him the compliment, for her troops rally and get the upper hand of the conspirators, and then she in her turn cries out—"No throne without Alamede." Such generosity is too much, even for a sorceress. Ipsiboë relents,

and gives her consent to the union of the lovers.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—A little piece in six acts, called *Le Pied de Nez*, or *Félicie et Tangu*, has been brought forward here. It takes its first title from the hero being in possession of two fig-trees, the fruit of one of which lengthens the eater's nose to the dimensions of a foot, and that of the other restores the silent member to its pristine exiguity. Tangu (the hero) makes use of these strange figs to be revenged on a Princess who has wheedled him out of an inexhaustible purse. With these *data* our readers may easily imagine the rest of this *feerie-folie* as it is called. There was some little opposition to this foolery, but, in the end, the names of the illustrious authors were proclaimed.

GYMNASE DRAMATIQUES.—A little one act *Tableau Vaudeville* has been played at this Theatre, and received with success. It is entitled *La Mansarde des Artistes*. Three young men, a painter, a musician, and a medical student are living together, and have for house-keeper a young girl, named Camille, whom they had saved from starvation. They are all three enamoured of her, and, if we believe the comedy, are equally timid, tender, and respectful. The young physician discovers, in one of his patients, the uncle of Camille, who settles a fortune upon her of a hundred thousand crowns; this sum she divides amongst her three suitors, giving herself as a well-brought-up girl should do, only to one of them. This plot, which is neither of this world nor the next, interested nevertheless the audience, and success and the authors names followed.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF ELEANOR GWYN.

THE maternal founder of the St. Alban's family in England, was a very singular woman, and an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. Her origin was of the lowest rank, and her employment in that city, where one of her descendants enjoys the emoluments of the prelacy, of the most inferior kind; indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition of the place supposes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many transitions which transplant individuals of the labouring class from one place to another, she became an inhabitant of the metropolis, and the servant of a fruiterer, who was probably one of those who attend the play-house, as it appears that in this character she first obtained admission into the theatre in Drury Lane. What favour of fortune advanced her from

this humble situation to the stage, is unknown. It is certain, she was a favourite of Dryden, who gave her the most shewy and alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her. The first notice we have of Miss Eleanor Gwyn is in 1668, when she appeared in Dryden's play of "Secret Love." It appears that her person was small, that she was negligent of her dress, and possessed the powers of captivation in a high degree; but the more immediate cause of her becoming an object of the monarch's affection was as follows:

At the Duke's house, under Killebrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which pleased the audience so much as to help off a bad play; Dryden caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and as she was low in stature,* made her speak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with its brim stretched out in its most horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was in convulsions of laughter. Among the rest, the king gave the fullest proof of approbation, by going behind the scenes immediately after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best prologue and epilogue speaker on either theatre. She met and bore her good fortune as if she had been bred to it, discovering neither avarice, pride, nor ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends, and did them services; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and was the patroness of Otway and Lee. Cibber observes:—"that she had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who are in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians: never broke into those amorous infidelities which others are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur."

She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but was the favourite of the people; and, though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against the rest of the king's favourites, as the causes of political disasters, Mrs. Gwyn, except in the instance of a few lines written by Lord Rochester, not only escaped, but even met their approbation, as

* In her person, according to her picture by Lely, she was low in stature, red haired, and what the French call *en bon point*. There is a bust now to be seen of her at Bagnigge Wells, formerly her country house. She had remarkable small but lively eyes; her foot was of the most diminutive size, and used to be the subject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

she never troubled herself with politics. She was munificent in her charities, sociable with her friends, and, what was singular enough, piqued herself on her regard for the Church of England, and contrary to the then disposition of the court.

She had a very fine understanding, was humourous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lord Rochester, Shaftsbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire. After the king's death, Pennant, in his "London" states, that she lived in St. James's Square, (and according to tradition, the back room and ceiling on the ground floor were entirely of looking-glass) many years with an unblemished reputation, and where she died in 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields. Dr. Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon, a circumstance which did not prevent his preferment during the reign of Queen Anne.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

ASCENT OF SAP IN VEGETABLES.

MANY persons have attempted to account for the ascent of sap in vegetables on the principle of capillary attraction. But to this there are strong objections: 1. The fluid in capillary tubes rises but a few inches; the sap in trees often ascends more than a *hundred feet*, 2. The fluid in the tube is retained, and is not discharged, though the tube is lifted up and placed in any position: it will remain six months, notwithstanding its notable tendency to evaporate: but if a limb of a tree be cut, the sap is frequently discharged from it in great quantities. 3. The fluid raised in capillary tubes will never *run over the top*; but if a vine be cut off and the tube cemented on to the stump, the sap will ascend in it several feet. There are strong reasons, therefore, to believe that we have not yet discovered the moving principle of the fluids in vegetables.

Some have endeavoured to account for the origin of springs by capillary attraction. They suppose that the waters of the ocean ascend by cohesion through the pores of the earth to the tops of the mountains. But evidently there are the same objections against

applying capillary attraction to this case as to that of the ascent of sap in vegetables.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

There is a sense in which the word *infinite*, but an improper one, is sometimes used by philosophical writers. It is used to express quantity extremely great or small, though not beyond certain limits. According to this phraseology, the globe is said to be infinitely greater than a grain of sand. In this sense, and in no other, it is easy to prove that matter is infinitely divisible. A grain of gold has been so divided that a fifty-millionth part was visible. The particles of odoriferous bodies are so minute, that a small portion of such a body will continue to fill a large space with perfume for a long period, with scarce any diminution of weight. If a candle burns for an hour, it fills with particles of matter a space four miles in diameter 240 millions of times. If the particles of blood of some small animalcula which have been discovered, bear the same proportion to the whole bulk as the globules of blood of a man to his body, it is calculated that as many of these particles might be on the point of a needle as there are grains of sand in 10,000 of the largest mountains on the earth. (*vide Nicholson's Ph.* 1. 12.)

SHIPS BUILT ON MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES.

It is a matter of surprise that it should have remained a mystery till the present day, why, and by what means one vessel should excel another in her capacity for sailing. Often do we find a ship of small bulk, and having every advantage that canvass can afford, outsailed by a ponderous and heavily laden vessel, whose appearance would altogether warrant a poor opinion of her powers of locomotion. It has been reserved for the present period of improvement in science to give to the world the long-sought cause, which has just been ascertained by Captain Hayes of the British navy. Sir Robert Seppings' improved model of a cutter of 160 tons, named the Basilisk, one of the fastest-sailing cruisers in the English channel, was placed, some short time since, against Hayes' Arrow, also of 160 tons, and during seven days trial, the Arrow outsailed the Basilisk on every point; thereby proving, incontestibly, the value of a proceeding wholly founded on mathematical principles. Captain Hayes is said to have devoted thirty years of his life

to the search, wisely conceiving, that to build by rule must be more productive of something beneficial to science, than on the common plan, which leaves every thing but strength to chance. His system meets a point hitherto considered unattainable: he undertakes to build a thousand vessels, if required, from a given section, without the variation of a needle's point; reducible from a first-rate ship to a cutter, each embracing excelling powers and advantages of every description, in their respective classes. To arrive at the construction of a body best calculated to displace the water, and give the greatest propelling power, by the reaction of the fluid, is doubtless to discover the grand secret of the science of ship-bilding; and we cannot but consider every naval nation highly indebted to the indefatigable exertions and the great talents of Captain Hayes.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

LITERATURE.—One of the passengers just arrived in the Lord Castlereagh East Indiaman, has brought with him a translation of the New Testament in the Chinese language, written or engraved on slips of a leaf of a plant or tree, strung together.

The original price of the folio (1623) of Shakespeare's plays, was £1; the highest price it has ever yet brought at our book sales is £112 7s. which the late Mr. Boswell paid for the copy that was Mr. Kemble's. This book, it is true, had been rendered extremely beautiful, and had, in its various stages, cost Mr. Kemble nearly three times that sum. It had been purified from all stains, by the usual chemical process: it had then been inlaid into a royal paper, and superbly bound, at first in three vols., but finally compressed into one. Thus sumptuously equipped, it was deposited in a neat case, with a lock and key; and remains the most precious copy of that folio.

A Chinese Dictionary, in six vols. is nearly ready for the press. It is the work of Dr. Robert Morrison, of Newcastle upon Tyne, who went to China in 1807, where the first volume was printed in 1815, and who has lately returned to England.

FRENCH SYSTEM OF WEAVING.—The new French system of weaving all kinds of figured goods without drawboys, by a single adjunction to a common loom merits the attention of manufacturers.—The artist can change the figures from one flower to another in fifteen minutes, and can produce twenty different patterns in as many yards of cloth; the whole is worked by one single treadle only, as well in large shawls as in

narrow goods; he possesses the art of printing of all kinds of yarns in different colours, in set and regular distances, smaller and longer at pleasure, which produces an astonishing effect when these yarns are manufactured into goods.

FINE ARTS.—Since the decease of Belzoni, his widow has advertised that all the Models of various Temples and pyramids with several articles of Antiquity, brought from Egypt by her husband, are to be disposed of. Among them is an highly-preserved Papyrus, 23 feet long, considered the best in Europe. The principal pictures in this Papyrus are rural feasts; but besides these it shows the various branches of Egyptian agriculture, with their harvests and annual festivals. At the end is the judgment of the soul; the great god, Osiris, sitting on his throne in the temple; the various figures of the deities, and the introduction of the soul into the temple, convey a striking idea of their religious rites, etc.

INVISIBLE-VISIBLE INKS.—If letters be traced on paper with muriate of cobalt, the writing is invisible; and by holding it before the fire, the characters speedily assume a green colour, which again disappears as the paper cools. The writing made with this ink may therefore at pleasure be made visible or invisible, by alternately warming and cooling the paper, if care be taken not to expose it to a greater degree of heat than is necessary to make the invisible writing legible. This experiment is rendered more amusing, by drawing the trunk and branches of a tree in the usual manner, and tracing the leaves with sympathetic ink. The tree appears leafless till the paper is heated, when it suddenly becomes covered with a beautiful foliage. The sympathetic ink is prepared in the following manner:—Put into a matrass one part of cobalt or zaffre, and four of nitro-muriatic acid; digest the mixture with a gentle heat, until the acid dissolves no more cobalt; then add muriate of soda, equal in quantity to the cobalt employed, and four times as much water as acid, and filter the liquor through paper.

MEDICAL USE OF WINE.—Wine, taken in moderate quantities, acts as a beneficial stimulus to the whole system. It promotes digestion, increases the action of the heart and arteries, raises the heat of the body, and exhilarates the spirits. Taken to excess, it produces inebriety, which is often succeeded by headach, stupor, nausea, and diarrhoea, which last for several days. Habitual excess in wine debilitates the stomach, produces inflammation of the liver, weakens the nervous system, and gives rise to dropsy, gout, apoplexy, and cutaneous affections.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves : if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Journal of a Tour in Italy, in the year 1821.

BY AN AMERICAN.

WE have arisen with much satisfaction from the perusal of this work, and we can conscientiously recommend it to all scholars whose associations blend with the times of old. To the cultivated and classical mind, there is a deep and never dying interest in all things relating to the country through which our tourist has travelled ; and old as it is, the theme of Italy has a charm which forbids our being wearied with hearing the story of its ruins, and their present appearance recapitulated over and over again. He who considers rightly the desolated aspect of Rome, whether he stand by its crumbled walls in imagination or in fact, can draw from its decay many a moral lesson, which will render his heart better and wiser than before. Contemplating the mutability of the mighty empire, he may learn to bear with patience those changes which happen to himself, which in comparison are less than nothing, and to control

" In his shut breast his petty misery."

Comparing the short span of individual existence with the life of a colossal nation, the heart feels its littleness and is ashamed of repining at its own decay. If the oak of ages must at last become bare and totter on its sapless trunk, and fall from the weakness of age, why should the short-lived shrub murmur when it is thrown to the earth ? Can any man persevere in mourning over the fallen fortunes of his family, or the decay of his bodily strength, when he stands by the broken throne of the Cæsars, and reads in the dust and the moss around him the eternal truth, that change and decay are inherent in all things animate and inanimate ; that the weed and the ivy on the wall, and the furrows and the gray hairs on the head, must alike, by the law of nature, have their hour of dominion ?

Such ought to be the train of thought excited by an interview with this " Niobe of nations." Every broken relic of the old time, every fallen dome, every ivied pillar, and every mouldering arch speaks in its silence ; the still forum is more eloquent than when

it echoed the voice of Tully, and the Sybil's temple is more prophetic than when the sacred verses reposed upon its altar ; the theatre of Marcellus becomes an actor on the theatre of time, and leaves a moral warning as it goes off the stage. The dome of Janus is still " bifrons," for standing amidst its ruins, we can look back to see what the mighty and the beautiful of ancient ages has been, and we can look forward to survey what the great and the strong of our own ages shall be.

Our traveller introduces us in his first page to the bay of Gibraltar, and the variegated scenery of its shores, the

" Lands of the dark eyed maid and dusky Moor." On the eastern point of this bay stands the impregnable rock, the modern Aopvog. It is in length three miles, very narrow and perfectly straight. Of this celebrated spot, the author gives a very minute and interesting description. We should only spoil it by attempting its abridgment, and we have not room for the whole. The upper part of the rock is inhabited by a race which form quite a contrast with the gallant " sons of steel " below—a number of unusually sized apes, which come from Africa by a subterranean passage, according to popular report. The only way in which these creatures could effect this, is through St. Michael's cave, the bottom of which has never been discovered, but one would suppose that nothing short of the most inhospitable and tyrannical treatment from their liege lord, the emperor of Morocco, could have roused in them so adventurous a spirit. The author observes some appearances in the rocks, which favour the ancient and very probable speculation, that the straits of Gibraltar were originally closed up ; and we strongly incline to the opinion of the French geologist, that the Mediterranean and the Atlantic formerly had a communication along the base of the northern Spanish mountains, and across the provinces of Aragon and Catalonia.

Our traveller next sets sail for Italy, and his vessel is soon anchored in the bay of Naples, the most magnificent in the world, both for its size and its surrounding scenery. Of the Neapolitans he draws no flattering portrait. He was there at the time the Austrians were expected to invade the city. The military were parading every day, and

boasting of the style in which they intended to fight their enemies. We all know the result; how their frothy valour evaporated in the light of the Austrian swords; how well they deserve the heavy malison of Moore—

"——deep and more deep as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be
To think as the damned haply think of that heaven
They had once in their reach, that they *might* have
been free!"

The shameful and miserable termination of their revolutionary attempt, and the crouching submission to their invaders, contrast so darkly with the high expectations they held out to the anxious world, that we can readily credit any thing disreputable to their intellect and character.

The ruins of Pompeii occupy several pages of the author's journal. Here he found numberless interesting relics of antiquity; the forum and theatres, the temples of Isis and of Æsculapius, the dwellings of Polybius the historian, and of Cicero, with the Roman salutation "salve," inscribed on the entrance. But we must pass over these and the ruins of Cumæ, the Sybil's home, the sullen lake "Acherontis avari," the wild olives and myrtle that wreath over the urn of Virgil, and stop for awhile within the walls of the eternal city. In the baths of Titus, our tourist observed "a hole in one of the floors through which a long stick was thrust without any obstruction, and was assured there was pretty good evidence that another tier of unexplored apartments existed beneath." It was not until the sixteenth century that these remains were discovered, and the famous group of the Laocoön brought to light. This edifice encloses a square of a quarter of a mile each side. The walls still exhibit many beautiful, though damaged paintings, and fragments of marble basins are still to be seen in the bathing rooms.

In the great square of the city stands the famous Egyptian obelisk, the largest in the world, formed of a single block of granite. It was found amongst the ruins of Thebes where Rameses, king of Egypt, had erected it to Osiris. Constantius executed what Augustus wished but feared to attempt, its removal to Rome. Thrice it was discovered and thrice lost amidst the remnants of the Circus Maximus. In 1588, Pius 4th removed it to its present place. It is broken into three pieces, and the upper part is lost; yet it is still 100 feet in height. The en-

trance to the valley of Egeria, is an unwinking and broad tract between two bare hills. Here was the spot where Numa wooed the celestial nymph, who rested by the fountain and looked abroad in the moon-light and listened,

"Her heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of her mortal lover."

Here is the grotto hallowed by the residence of

"Egeria, sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting place so fair
As her ideal breast."

To this grotto no path now conducts, and our tourist's guide was a little stream which has its source in the sacred spring. It is still beautiful in its ruin: bushes and vines have partially grown over the broken front of the arched roof, and a mutilated statue of the nymph still reclines in her ancient bower.

The famous Tibertine villa of the Emperor Adrian, occupies an extent of ten miles. He divided it into three parts, Canopus, Pœcile, and Tempé, and collected appropriate decorations for each. Canopus was after the model of the temple of Serapis in Egypt, Pœcile was a picture gallery like that of Athens, and Tempe was an artificial abode for the Muses. In addition, it is said that he attempted a representation of Pluto's regions. This last might have answered for a very useful *memento mori* in the midst of all this luxury, but was certainly as much out of place as a skull would be on the dinner table of a festive party. This villa contained a Hippodrome and maritime Theatre, temples of Apollo, Diana and Venus, the dwellings and school of the Philosophers, the quarters for soldiers, the palace of the Imperial family and that of Adrian himself, together with a library and extensive baths. Of all these structures nothing but the broken skeleton remains; the natural curiosities, the specimens of art, and the remnants of sea monsters, which the luxurious yet philosophic Emperor gathered, have long ago disappeared.

We forbear culling any further from the author's Tour, although much more interesting matter might be obtained from its pages. On many subjects we have gained from it more minute information and more distinct ideas than we before possessed. He has gone over this classic land with an inquiring eye, and commented on its relics with a spirit that does him honour. We envy him the feelings he experienced while walking from

room to room through the house of Cicero, while standing by the tomb of the Mantuan bard, and while contemplating the moonlight grandeur of the Colosseum.

Why is it that the mind loves to linger above and around the ruins of inanimate objects,—why does it hallow things which are desolate and wild, things which are but fragments in themselves of some mightier fragment? Why has unseemly decay a charm so far surpassing youthful strength; why has the rank weed an attraction superior to the sweet-scented garden flower? Why is Britain in her full-grown strength, and America in her youthful vigour, less interesting than Rome in her weakness, and Assyria in her desolation? It is the spell of soul that hangs over them,—it is their connexion with mind, and with the operations of mind, that gives them such mastery over our feelings. It is the long line of lofty names, of bards, sages, and heroes; it is the song of genius, the volume of wisdom, and the spear of valour. What is Carthage without the recollection of her forsaken queen and her gallant Hannibal—what is the rock of Salamis unassociated with the name of Themistocles, the steep of Leucas without the despairing Sappho, and the Hellespont without the bridge of Xerxes, and the shriek of the drowning Leander? What were Castalia without the harp of Apollo and the dance of the Muses, and Olympus without the thunders of “cloud-compelling” Jove? It is the recollection of being, whether real or fictitious, which gives them all their interest. The great and the powerful of old still linger there,

“ Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain
Their spirits hover o'er the fountain,
The meonest rill, the mightiest river
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.”

J. G. B.

THE GRACES.

“ We come,” said they, and Echo said, “ We come,”
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume;
“ We come,” THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom.”
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
“ Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty
dwell.”

THE PERSIAN WOMEN.

SEVERAL historians, in mentioning the ancient Persians, have dwelt with peculiar severity on the manner in which they treated their women.—Jealous, almost to distraction, they confined the whole sex with

the strictest attention, and could not bear that the eye of a stranger should behold the beauty which they adored.

When Mahomet, the great legislator of the modern Persians, was just expiring, the last advice that he gave to his faithful adherents was, “ Be watchful of your religion, and your wives.” Hence they pretend to derive not only the power of confining, but also of persuading them, that they hazard their salvation, if they look on any other man than their husbands. The Christian religion informs us that in the other world they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. The religion of Mahomet teaches us a different doctrine, which the Persians believing, carry the jealousy of Asia to the fields of Elysium, and the groves of Paradise; where, according to them, the blessed inhabitants have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, lest they should see the wives of their neighbours.

Every circumstance in the Persian history tends to show, that the motive which induced them to confine their women with so much care and solicitude, was an exuberance of love and affection. In the enjoyment of their smiles, and their embraces, the happiness of the men consisted, and their approbation was an incentive to deeds of glory and of heroism. For these reasons they are said to have been the first who introduced the custom of carrying their wives and concubines to the fields, “ That the sight,” said they, “ of all that is dear to us, may animate us to fight more valiantly.” To offer the least violence to a Persian woman, was to incur certain death from her husband or guardian. Even their kings, though the most absolute in the universe, could not alter the manners or customs of the country which related to the fair sex.

Widely different from this is the present state of Persia. By a law of that country, their monarch is now authorized to go, whenever he pleases, into the harem of any of his subjects; and the subject, on whose prerogative he thus encroaches, so far from exerting his usual jealousy, thinks himself highly honoured by such a visit. A pleasing story is told of Shah Abbas, who having got drunk at the house of one of his favourites, and intending to go into the apartment of his wives, was stopped by the door-keeper, who bluntly told him, “ Not a man, Sir, but my master, shall put a mustacho here as long as I am porter.” “ What,” said the king, “ dost thou not know me?” “ yes,” answered the fellow, “ I know you are king of the men, but not of the women.” Shah Abbas, pleased with the answer, and the fidelity of the servant, retired to his palace. The favourite, at whose house the adventure happened, as soon as he heard it, went and fell at his master’s feet, entreating that he would

not impute to him the crime committed by his domestic. He likewise told the prince, that he had turned away the servant for his presumption.—“I am glad of it,” answered Shah Abbas; “I will take him into my service for his fidelity.”

Baneful influence of fortune telling.

Some young persons once applied to an old woman who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in the art: to each, of course, she had something to say; but to one she did “a tale unfold,” so much to the purpose, that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble.—After promising with a great deal of nonsense, she informed her that she would never be married, but that she would be the mother of three children; that she would live in great splendour for a period, but after all, she was “sorry to say,” she would die poor and miserable.

Miss B. whilst with her companions, shewed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such an harangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequences! She was at the time on the point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune-teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never from that time receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover quickly perceiving this change, endeavoured to learn the cause of it; but finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behaviour, which became more and more distant, and doubting the sincerity of her affection, he in the course of a little time discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving herself deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading, that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence, and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonour to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead on her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particulars and reasons for committing so shocking an act, of which the preceding account is the outline.

Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune telling! but giving at the same time the flattest contradiction to the prophecy against her.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 12. Vol. I. of *New Series of the M*
NERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*False Appearances.*—*The Fall of Usbeck.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Cadiz in 1823.*

THE DRAMA.—*Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mr. John Murdoch.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*The Excavations of Elora.*—*Chinese Topography.*—*Apotheosis of Napoleon.*—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Redwood; a Tale.*

THE GRACES.—*Grecian Women.*

POETRY.—*Fancy*, by “Janthe; and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

It is contemplated to establish an *Athenaeum* in this city, in which scientific lectures are to be delivered; with the usual appendages of a library and a reading room.

The Gas Light Company have put up a lamp in Franklin square, on the plan adopted in London, to give the citizens a specimen of gas light.

A musical instrument has been invented by an artist of Baltimore, called the *Crescendo Aeolian*, which is said to be greatly superior to the piano forte, as the performer can increase and diminish the tone at pleasure.

An egg recently got in a hen roost in London, was found to contain at the one end an onion, about three quarters of an inch in diameter, imbedded in the white, while the yolk was perfect at the other end.

MARRIED,

Mr. B. Bunker to Miss C. M. Heron.
Mr. J. Willis, Jr. to Miss P. Cornell.
Mr. E. Avery to Miss P. H. Delanoy.
Mr. J. Evers to Miss E. D. Swords.
Capt. W. Cornell to Miss E. Hanlon.
Mr. W. Schenck to Miss A. M. Jenkins.
Mr. J. Waydell to Miss M. Bogert.
Mr. G. Hyer to Miss E. J. McQuilkin.
Mr. C. Wheelock to Miss L. Brown.

DIED,

John Kemp, Esq. aged 57 years.
Asher Mark, Esq.
Mrs. E. Watson, aged 49 years.
John M. Haws, aged 13 years.
Mrs. D. Swift, aged 61.
Mr. H. Houston, aged 50 years.
Mrs. H. Belden, aged 45 years.
Mr. A. Wood, aged 20 years.
Mr. D. King, aged 65 years.
Mrs. C. Griffen, aged 74 years.
Widow Bridget Nash.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

DIRGE.

"He cometh late, he cometh soon,
He cometh in the morning prime;
He lurketh in the beam of noon,
And in the shade of evening time."—FLORIO.

But yesterday, and he was here
Mingling with this world's fading show;
And what to us is now, was dear
To him, a few short hours ago.
But now he sleeps where all must sleep,
And we that wail above him now,
Shall slumber thus, and others weep
While we are slumbering below.

For ever silent is that tongue,
And that quench'd eye shall beam no more,
And the sweet dreams of those that hung
Upon a sire's kind lips are o'er.
He dreamt not, when love's wild-flower wreath
In that gay time, around his heart
Was twining, that the frost of death
So soon would burst its bond apart.

Where now are all those gilded things,
Bright forms of bliss that flitted by,
As fancy, with her rainbow wings,
Was garnishing life's morning sky:
For thou art now, thou faded one,
Alas! as if thou ne'er hadst been;
As if light ne'er on thee had shone,
Nor thou upon life's flow'ry scene.

As if thy foot had never press'd
The clod that presses now thy form;
As if thy cold and mould'ring breast
With love and bliss were never warm;
As if that sunk and closed eye,
Fled soul, was never lit by thee;
And uttered all his agony,
And all his kindling ecstasy.

But yesterday, and pleasure's cup
Was sparkling brightly to the brim,
And earth once more was bright'ning up
Into a paradise for him.
And he was in his morning time,
His bosom full of ecstasy;
The flowers of hope were in their prime,
Wreathing around his destiny.

While thus was fix'd his eager eye,
Like the young eagle's, on the sun,
He thought not of a shrouded sky—
The cloud that waits for ev'ry one—
When his young frolic should be o'er,
And the world's pleasures lose their charm,
(Sick'ning at what he lov'd before)
When death should sound its dread alarm.

He thought not that a dream so bright,
And full of bliss, could fade so soon;
And that the trembling of the night
Would fall upon him in his noon.
No, he had numbered out long days
With many a plan of coming bliss,

When life should be one cloudless blaze,
But one green field of happiness!

He thought—but it was not to be,
Even then the cloud was gathering
In secret round his destiny,
To burst in wrath upon his spring.
And it did burst, and the blight laid,
In darkness, on his manly brow,
Where guilt had never cast its shade,
Nor darkness was enthroned till now.

MARION.

AMERICAN SKETCH.

It is said, that the celebrated chief Metacomet, otherwise called king Philip, related to his counsellors and friends a dream, in which he had striking indications of his approaching ruin. He had scarcely finished his relation, when he was discovered by his enemies, and killed on the spot, near Bristol, Rhode Island.

PHILIP'S DREAM.

He dreamt of a coffin, he dreamt of a shroud,
And the death-cry of vengeance rung dismal and loud;
He dreamt of the vale where the dead are at rest,
And recoil'd from the vulture that prey'd on his breast.
Now ye kinsmen and clansmen, why look with dismay?
Can the mighty king Philip so soon pass away?
No no, cries the chief, 'twas the breath of a shade,
Now fill ye your quiver, and bare ye each blade.

Oh, their spears and their arrows but little avail!
Hark, hark, to the war-shout, the weeping and wail:
Death flashed like the lightning, his dream is reveal'd,
And the eye of the monarch in darkness is sealed.

Now his kinsmen and clansmen are howling afar,
The chief that they followed has fallen in war;
They looked, and the vulture that saddened his dream,
Has struck his black pinion and uttered his scream.

The mighty king Philip—and can it be thou?
Why sound not thy war-cry, why cloud not thy brow?
The wolf howls around him, it breaks not his rest,
And he scares not the vulture away from his breast.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Oh, sleep in silence, or but wake
The song of sorrow, my lov'd lute!
Thou wert but waked by one sweet spell—
That spell is over, now be mute.

Yet, wake again, I pray thee, wake;
My soul yet lives upon the chords—
My heart must breathe its wrongs, or break:
Yet can it find relief in words!

My glorious laurel! pine and fade—
Oh, round some happier bard go twine—
Those bright green leaves were never made
To crown a brow so lorn as mine.

Break, break, my lute! fade, fade, my wreath!
Laurel and lute are dead for me;
Laurel and lute are vowed to love;
And, Love, I dare not think on thee.

It was a deep blue summer night,
A night with star gemmed coronal;
And music murmured through the dell,
A song sent from the waterfall.

And there was fragrance on the air ;
For roses, like sweet lamps, so bright,
So red, so fresh, were shining there ;
And jasmines with their silver light.

It was a night, soft as the hope,
Calm as the faith with which I said
Farewell to thee, my lovely one—
My Provence rose, my fair-haired Zaide.

She tied her white scarf on my breast,
She gave a bright curl from her brow,
Her rose-bud mouth to mine was prest—
Scarf, curl, and kiss, are with me now.

That kiss has been kept like the leaves
Of the young rose, or eve the sun,
Like love, has opened the sweet flower,
It fades while it is shining on.

That curl has waved amid the light
Of flashing steel and flying spear—
That scarf has been blood-dyed—I fought
In honour of my maiden dear !

And never did I wake my harp
To any name but hers—that one
I taught the gales of Palestine,
I taught the groves of Lebanon.

Again I sought her bower, and brought
A laurelled lute, a laurelled blade ;
It was the same sweet summer night
Of fragrant gales and moonlight shade.

The moon in the same beauty sailed,
The brook in liquid music ranged ;
There stood the old accustomed oak,
But every other thing was changed.

The roses drooped, neglected; dead
Upon the ground the jasmines lay ;
And little (my forebodings said)
Has she thought on me while away.

Or she had sacred kept the bower,
The temple of our parting kiss,
For well love cherishes each thing
That has a memory of its bliss.

I stood beneath the old oak tree,
My harp was on my shoulder slung,
When suddenly a plaining breeze,
Like to a dirge across it rung.

And almost, as in mockery,
Answered a light and cheerful sound—
Young voices singing to the flute,
And distant bells that pealed around.

I saw bright torches, and I went
To gaze upon the gay parade—
It was a bridal pageantry,
And the bride was my faithless Zaide !

Oh! worse than death! I had not thought
That such a thing could be; too well
My heart had lov'd, to deem that aught
Like falsehood could be possible.

Farewell, then, Zaide, with that farewell
To all that bears a woman's name ;
Heart, harp, and sword, were vowed to thee,
They'll never know another's claim.

I take my white scarf from my heart,
And fling its fragments on the air ;
Thy bright curl—no, I cannot part
With this one pledge—thy silken hair.

My heart is seared—I have lost all
My dreams of bliss, my golden store ;
For, what is life when love is gone ?
And what is love when hope is o'er ?

EPITAPHS.

The following epitaph on himself was written by the querulous Cowley :—

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus ;
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

AT BUCTON.

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And viewed the dead as thou dost me ;
Ere long thou'l lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The first is *love*,
With which you flatter :
The second's *lie*,
An easy matter,
For men to do,
Who come to woo ;
And no one blames it,
Or even names it.
These two combine
'Twill *lovely* make ;
But 'tis not mine,
The name to take.

PUZZLE II.—Kitty had set the chimney on fire,
in consequence of which, a sweep was called
in.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

All attentive my first to false tales that are told,
Though 'tis true I was with father Abraham of old,
In my last every year many thousands are laid,
How transient, alas, is all human parade !
On earth let a jester be ever so droll,
He never can jest if he is in my whole.

II.

What am I who possess the power
To alter thus—O shocking !—
Though properly I am a shoe
May be made a stocking ?

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